

must be completed by many workers. Complete solitude is therefore dangerous. A life spent in solitude is like a life spent in an empty chamber. Without the wholesome nutrients of a healthy social life, the individual is left to speculate upon those things which were never intended for man's perception. In his futile search for the inaccessible knowledge, he constructs his tower until it is of such great height that it can neither be ascended by another, nor is it possible to descend again into life. He is, quite literally, left hanging in the clouds to view life as it passes by under his lofty perch.

It is this unique combination of gregariousness and the desire for solitude which sets man apart from other animals. In his solitude he creates; in his gregariousness he finishes. So, although the construction of an ivory tower is vital to mankind, it must be carefully constructed so that he is not placed too far above a down-to-earth life.

To Be Thankful

Skip Elson

HE WAS NOT only afraid, he was mad. His ancestral line was a proud, cocky one. It was not his fault that he was in this mess, but he was not about to give up without trying. His thoughts ran through his brain in a wild, disorganized manner. Calming himself, he decided that this was no time to panic—time was too short. Time was precious to him and could not be wasted. He carefully inspected the high wire fence that encircled the area, and wondered why they had tied him to the stake. They were certainly taking no chances. He suddenly remembered that today would be Thanksgiving Day. This thought was so funny he almost laughed, but he restrained himself by remembering where he was and what was about to happen. But there was one thing for which he could be thankful—that of being last. All the others had been taken away and had not returned, and probably could not return. On the other hand, being the last brought him that horrible torture of waiting. If there was anything for which he should be thankful, it was the little bit of hope he still had.

He worked enthusiastically at the tightly-tied ropes that bound him. Maybe these devils would show him mercy? But this was silly; they never had and they never would. The odds of getting out of the compound were against him, but it was his only chance of saving himself. To accomplish this he first had to free himself of the ropes that held him to the stake. He wondered if his proud ancestors could have figured a way out, but this also was foolish. They had been free. They had faced death, but they had faced it while free to fight for life. They would rather die than be captured and live in pens like this. No, they had never been confronted with a problem so great as his. But someone had been weak. He had never known this freedom; he had been born a prisoner. Somebody in that proud line had failed him. These thoughts frustrated him so

that he struggled more desperately with the ropes. Only the ropes stood in the way! Only the ropes! The ropes! There might be a hole in the fence which he might squeeze through, if he could rid himself of these ropes. He struggled wildly as his anxieties overcame him. His strength dwindled rapidly and he neared a state of exhaustion. The thumping of his heart was loud against his chest, and he gulped short, difficult breaths of the cold November air as his strength vanished.

When they came for him he was still exhausted. He still gasped for air and his body twitched involuntarily. There was little sense to resist, nor was there any energy with which he could resist. Though unable to move, many questions ran through his mind. Why me? Why should he, still so young, die for someone else's pleasure or whim? He did not even notice the rough way they handled him as they dragged him from the sturdy, high wire fence that imprisoned him. There must be some way out. But fear of what was to happen blotted all thoughts from his mind. He could feel the hard pounding of his heart throughout his body, and he trembled even more violently from his fear now. They threw him on an old log that had deep gashes in it, and was spotted with red stains. His head rested on the log only momentarily, when he caught a glimpse of the sharp blade of the ax—then he feared no more. He died the same way many of his brothers die each year, and ended up the same way—as Thanksgiving dinner. It is no wonder turkeys seldom find anything to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day.

"Prefixitis" is Spreading

Betty Geise

JACQUES BARZUN has some very interesting ideas on the use of the English language in this modern age. Of all the ideas introduced in his essay "English as She's Not Taught," the most interesting, and I think by far the truest, is blaming the highly educated people for disrupting the English language. I agree one-hundred per cent with Barzun in his analysis of today's new "technical" trend in speaking. It is not the people who have had no college training that distort the English language. These people express themselves in plain, simple English that anyone can understand. The people who really distort our language are the college-bred: the laymen, the businessmen, or the men in the technical fields. Besides mixing up our standard commonly-used words, they add many new words with no regard to whether they can be understood or used properly. Barzun gives vivid concrete examples of these new additions, but he fails to elaborate on common words that are used daily and given a number of meanings by adding a prefix.

Of all the distortions in the English language, the one that disgusts me the most is the habit of adding a prefix to good words to make them sound distinguished or technical. A good example of the